

# PALMETTO STANDARD.

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## Palmetto Standard.

### THE INTERESTED NOTER.

THE stage from Paris to Chalons stopped one evening, just after dark, some miles beyond the little town of Roovary, to set down an English lady and her child at a lovely roadside hotel. Mrs. Martin expected to find a carriage ready to take her to the Chateau de Sancerre, a distance of some leagues, whither she was returning on a visit, but she was told it had been sent to the landlady, a tall, serious looking woman, who showed her in to the parlour which served at once as a sitting room and kitchen, observed that the roads were so muddy and difficult at night that there was little chance of her friend arriving before the morning. "You had better, therefore," she said, "make up your mind to sleep here. We have a good room to offer you, and you will be much more comfortable between a pair of clean, warm sheets than knocking about in our rough country, especially as your dear child seems sickly."

Mrs. Martin, though fatigued by her journey, hesitated. A good night's rest was certainly a tempting prospect but she felt so confident that her friends would not neglect her, that after a moment, she replied: "I thank you, Madame; I will set up an hour or two. It is not late and the carriage may come at any time. Should it not, I shall beg of you to send me a note which you may prepare for me at any time."

The landlady, who seemed anxious that her guest should not remain in the great room, suggested that a fire might be made above; Mrs. Martin found herself so comfortable when she was a pile of faggots was blazing on the hearth—that she declined at first to move. Her daughter, about five years of age, went to sleep in her lap; and she herself found that whilst her own were anxiously listening for the roll of a carriage wheel, her eyes occasionally closed, and slumber began to make its insidious approaches.

In order to prevent herself from giving way, she endeavored to direct her attention to the child in her lap. The apartment was small and lighted more by the glare of the fire than by the dirty candle, stuck into a filthy tallow candlestick, that stood on one of the long benches. Two or three huge beams stretched across half way up the walls leaving a space filled with flitting shadows above. From these depended a rusty gun or two, a sword, several bags, hanks of onions, cooking utensils, &c. There were very few signs that the house was tenanted except a pile of empty wine bottles lay in one corner. The landlady seemed distant from the fireplace with her two lions, who laid their heads together and talked in whispers.

Mrs. Martin began to feel uneasy. The idea entered her head that she had fallen into a sort of robbery; and the words "C'est elle" (It is she) which was all she heard of the whispered conversation, contributed to this idea. The door leading into the road was left ajar and for a moment she felt an inclination to start up and escape on foot. But she was far from any other habitation; and the prospect of a better night's rest entirely overcame her evil designs, her attempt would only have resulted in the catastrophe. So she resolutely sat down, and listened attentively for the approach of her friends. All she heard, however, was the whistling of the wind, and the clashing of the rain, which had begun to fall just after her arrival.

About two hours passed in this uncomfortable way. At length the door was thrust open, and a man dripping wet, came in. She looked at him really; for this new comer might represent the evil designs of the hosts. The man, however, was a red haired, broad faced looking man, and inspired her with confidence by the frankness and ease of his manner.

"A fine night for walking!" cried he, shaking his head. "What have you to give me! Some, madame, of meadams. I am wet to the skin. The devil is a robbery. Give me a bottle of wine."

The hostess, in a sorry, sleepy tone told her oldest son to serve the gentleman; and then addressing Mrs. Martin, said:

"You see your friends will not come, and you are keeping us up to no purpose. You better go to bed."

"I will wait a little longer," was the reply which elicited a kind of shrug of contempt.

The red-haired man finished off his bottle of wine, and then said:

"Show me a room, good woman—I shall sleep here to night."

Mrs. Martin thought that as he pronounced these words with a protecting glance towards her, and his felt less repugnance at the idea of passing the night in that house. When, therefore, the red-haired man, after a polite bow, went upstairs, she said, that as her friends had not arrived, they might as well show her to a bed-room.

"I thought it would come to that at last," said the landlady. "Pierre take the lady's trunk up stairs."

In a few minutes, Mrs. Martin found herself alone in a spacious room, with a large

fire burning on the hearth. Her first care after putting the child to bed, was to examine the door. It closed only by a latch. There was no bolt inside. She looked round for something to barricade it with, and perceived a heavy chest of drawers. Fear gave her strength. She half lifted, half pushed it against the door. Not content with this, she seized a table to increase the strength of her defence. The leg was broken, and when she touched it, it fell with a crash to the floor. A long echo went sounding through the house, and she felt her heart sink within her. But the echo died away, and no one came; so she piled the fragments of the table upon the chest of drawers. Tolerably satisfied in this direction, she proceeded to examine the windows. They were all well protected with iron bars. The walls were papered, and, after careful examination seemed to contain no signs of a secret door. Mrs. Martin now sunk down into a chair to reflect upon her position. As was natural after having taken all these precautions, the idea suggested itself that they might be superfluous, and she smiled at the thought of what her friends would say when she related to them the terrors of the night. Her child was sleeping in tranquility its rosy cheeks half buried in the pillow. The fire had blazed up into a bright flame, whilst the unsmoked candle burned dimly. The room was full of pale trembling shadows, but she had no superstitious fears. Something positive could alone raise her alarm. She listened attentively, but could hear nothing but the howling of the wind over the roof, and the pattering of the rain against the window panes. As her excitement diminished, the fatigues—which had been forgotten—began again to make themselves felt, and she resolved to undress and go to bed.

Her heart leaped into her throat. For a moment she seemed perfectly paralyzed. She had undressed and put out the candle, when she accidentally dropped her watch. Stopping to pick it up, her eyes involuntarily glanced towards the bed. A great mass of red hair, a hand, a gleaming knife, were revealed by the light of the fire. After the first moment of terrible alarm, her presence of mind returned. She felt she had herself cut off all means of escape by the door, and was left entirely to her own resources. Without uttering a cry, but trembling in every limb, the poor woman got into bed by the side of her child. An idea—a plan—had suggested itself. It had flashed through her brain like lightning. It was the only chance left.

Her bed was so disposed that the robber could only get out from beneath it by a narrow aperture at the head without making a noise; and it was probable that he would choose from prudence this means of exit. There was no curtain in the way, so Mrs. Martin with terrible decision and noiseless energy, made a running knot in her silk scarf, and held it poised over the aperture by which her enemy was to make his appearance. She had resolved to strangle him in defence of her life and that of her child.

Have you ever stood, hour after hour, with your fishing-rod in hand, waiting with the ferocious patience of an angler for a nibble? If you have, you have some faint idea of the state of mind in which Mrs. Martin—with far other interests at stake—passed the time until an old clock on the chimney piece told one hour, after midnight. Another source of anxiety now presented itself—the fire had nearly burnt out. Her dizzy eyes could scarcely see the floor, as she bent with fearful attention over the head of the bed—the terrible noose hanging like the sword of Damocles, above the gloomy aperture. "What," she thought, "if he delay his appearance until the night has completely died away! Will it not then be impossible for me to adjust the scarf—to do the deed—to kill this assassin—to save myself and my child? Oh, God! deliver him into my hands!"

A curious movement below—the dragging of hands and knees along the floor—a heavy suppressed breathing—announced that the supreme moment was near at hand. Her white arms were bared to the shoulder; her hair fell wildly around her face, like the mane of a lioness about to leap upon its prey; the distended orbits of her eyes glared down the spot where the question of life and death was soon to be decided. Time seemed immeasurably lengthened out—every second assumed the proportions of an hour. But at last, just as all lines and forms began to float before her sight through an indistinct medium of blended light and darkness, a black mass interposed between her eyes and the floor. Suspense being over, the time of action having arrived, everything seemed to pass with magical rapidity. The robber thrust his head cautiously forward. Mrs. Martin bent down. There was a half choked cry—the sound of a knife falling on the floor—a convulsive struggle. Pull! pull! Mrs. Martin heard nothing, saw nothing—but the scarf passing over the head of the bed between her two naked feet. She had half thrown herself back, and holding her scarf with both her hands, pulled, with desperate energy for her life. The conflict had begun; and one or the other must perish. The robber was a powerful man, and made furious efforts to get loose; but in vain. Not a

sound escaped from his lips—not a sound from hers. The dreadful tragedy was enacted in silence.

Early next morning, the son of Mrs. Martin arrived at the Hotel, enquiring for his mother, whom he expected to arrive that day. The first object which presented itself to him on bursting open the door, was the face of the robber violently upturned from beneath the bed, and with protruding tongue and eyeballs; the next was the form of Mrs. Martin, in the position in which we left her. She was still pulling with both hands at the scarf, and glaring wildly towards the head of the bed. The child had thrown its arms round her neck, and was crying; but she paid no attention. The terror of that dreadful night had driven her mad!

### THE MARTYRS OF RUSSIA.

That truth is stranger than fiction is a truism none will now venture to dispute; but of all the romances of history that have yet emanated from the ever-teeming press, most certainly the work of Michelet is the most extraordinary and the most appalling. That in the nineteenth century an immense nation could be existing in tranquillity, amidst growing civilization, the most odious barbarism only should be recognised as the governing principle, is one of those facts that stagger credulity. The disclosures of M. Michelet will be read with double interest at this moment, and the translation has been rendered with great fidelity. The following extract furnishes a correct view of Russian society and its paralyzing influence upon humanity.

Siberia.—Much has been said of the martyrs of Siberia; but why distinguish them? The line of separation would be altogether fictitious. With the exception of an aggravation of cold, the whole of Russia is Siberia—beginning at the Vistula.

One speaks of the condemned; but every Russian is condemned. In a country where the law is a mere mockery there can be no serious judgment. All are condemned; and yet no one is judged; there is no distinction between suffering and punishment.

The universal punishment is not such and such a positive evil—it is that breaking of the heart, that moral anxiety of a spirit, crushed beforehand, by an inevitable combination of misfortunes. In that merciless world where everything seems to possess the fixed rigidity of its native ice, nothing is fixed—all is pregnant with chance and doubt.

All are condemned, said we; the serf perhaps the least so, even in his servitude and misery; for he is not even sure of that misery—to-morrow, all may change for him; he may perhaps be carried off either for the army or the factories; his wife given to another; his family dispersed.

The soldier is condemned—not only because he was, all of a sudden, carried off from his home, and has ever since been subject to that continual bastinado, called military service; but also because he is totally ignorant of the time of his liberation; the law was thirty years formerly—now twenty; but what is the law in Russia!

The officer is condemned; he is forced against his will into a military school—he follows, in spite of himself, the rude and monotonous path of unceasing exercise, parades, and changes from one garrison to another. Sad priest of war; even whilst his fortune promised him the enjoyments of the world! But what befalls him if he does not serve! His family is therefore suspected—perhaps ruined and degraded—and for himself—he is lost forever!

Lost! What means that word? Killed! But it is apparently something more than death, since it is the occupation of the officer to fight and, so expose himself to death—otherwise, says he, he would be lost.

The serf, who is seized for the army, says, "I am lost." He is in the very depth of his misfortune; he can descend no lower. But the officer can descend; he has yet something to fear, which is worse to him than death—he fears Siberia.

When the Serf is made a soldier, his body only is taken. They care not for his heart! but with the officer, it is the soul that is needed; the problem of the Russian government being, how to seize the soul of a man whose life of insupportable misery renders death indifferent to him.

This soul has been early deadened in those schools where is taught only the void—nothing material—nothing moral; so that, from very weariness, he is thrown into the arms of those enervating pleasures which deaden it yet more. But even this twofold operation does not always succeed in extinguishing a strong mind. All that still remains of the man must be restrained—must be overruled—and that by a moral terror. What terror!—an unknown punishment.

The Catholic Inquisition, besides its dungeons and tortures, continued to the end its physical torments, by a moral torment—an eternal hell—the infinity of time. Russia has its hell—an infinity of space—the horror of the desert and of the void.

A never-ending distance. He who makes the journey on foot, loaded with heavy chains, starts young, and arrives aged—a man, twenty-five years old, full of health and life, started from Poland; three years after, a shadow dropped into Kamchatka!

A multitude of sufferings result from the climate itself—merciless climate! Some few degrees nearer to the Polar Sea were sufficient to cause death.

If the Russian, even at home, shut up six months in his oven, his heated room, can with difficulty keep out the furious north wind, what must it be in the second Russia, where the cold eats into you, where steel breaks like glass, where even the dogs that draw the sledges would inevitably perish were they not cased with fur!

To arrive there without resource would be deliverance, for one would die; but death must not come too quickly. Established in a small fort, in the midst of the icy desert—during two or three years, sometimes longer, digging the earth, or drawing the barrow, fed upon sour milk and bad fish, the exiles die slowly beneath the lash.

Even those who are not condemned to this terrible doom, but who have a kind of half liberty—a sort of physical existence, almost tolerable, find the moral effect scarcely less dreadful. If, to them, Siberia is not an eternity of suffering, it is one of forgetfulness, where they feel themselves disappearing—dying away from the living world, from their families from their friends. To lose one's name, to be called Number 10 or Number 20, and, if your family still remain, to begot children without a name, a miserable race, which will perpetuate itself in eternal wretchedness! The ruined man ruins his children—he is cursed—so are they—and by a frightful crescendo it happens, that the children of a man who is himself condemned to the mines for twenty years, will remain miners for forty or fifty years, or even unto death, their children after them, and all their posterity.

Siberia not only draws degradation upon persons there transported, but also upon things. A bell was transported there for having sounded the tocsin during a revolt—cannons were transported, and received the knout at Tobolski. But degradation is indeed a most serious affair to persons, where it implies bastinadoing at will.

And the exiles only to fear a complete change in their habits, the passage from an indolent Asiatic life, to a life of labor, where that would alone be sufficient to render Siberia the dread of the Russian. Their effeminate mode of life can hardly bear the easy existence of the West of Europe. A Russian lady declared to me that it was impossible for them to exist in France; an infinite number of Eastern luxuries were wanting to her. Our servants appeared too rough for her; their voices too harsh and proud. She could not support the natural friction of a world of equality. She missed the flatteries and attentions of her women, her life of heated rooms and baths—the tepid atmosphere of her Russian house. What would have become of this poor woman if, instead of the journey to Paris, which she found so painful, she had performed the voyage to Siberia!

There is a tradition in Russia that Catherine (or, perhaps, one of the empresses who preceded her,) in order to lower the pride of certain great ladies, occasionally favoured them with an order for their flagellation, which was to be performed by their servants in their own palaces. The chief of her secret chancery intimated the order with respect, and himself superintended its execution. The sad operation being finished, the patient dismissed him, with thanks, holding herself happy in being let off at such a price, and in having avoided Siberia.

Judge of the horror of a poor timid woman dragged from her palace, her voluptuous ease, and her everlasting summer; perhaps thrown at night into a strong chest, lined with iron, and rolled along some four or five thousand miles; or perhaps, she who has hardly ever walked, is forced to make this frightful and begging journey on foot, goaded on by the whip, and receiving on her road some miserable sustenance from the charity of serfs!

In whatever way she may go, it is, indeed, a frightful torture for a woman, leaving her husband, her children, and all she loves in the wide world, to wander alone and in the darkness of night, in the north and in winter—and in the horror of the unknown! To pass from Europe into Siberia is like falling into chaos; a desert of men and a desert of ideas; a vast nothing, without history without tradition, and without religion (other than witchcraft), so complete a void, that even the religions which have penetrated, such as the Mohammedanism of the Tartars lose their dogmas, their legends, and their halo, and become pale, dim, and nothingless, even as the invisible sun of Siberia.

Few can resist this destroying power of the void. Lost in this immense waste, they are stamped with its very image; and, losing all personal identity, in their turn, also become mere nonentities.

In a journal published at Vilna, under the Russian censorship, in 1850, Madame Eve Felitska describes the deplorable condition in which she beheld a Polish colonel, at Tobolski. Implicated in the transactions of 1825, he had been condemned by the Senate to three years imprisonment, merely for non-revolution. The emperor paid not the

slightest regard to this sentence. He caused him to be transported to the north of Siberia, as far as the sixty-third degree, from whence, in mercy, he was allowed to return as far as Tobolski. "This unhappy man, who had been formerly one of the finest men in the army, was no longer to be recognized. He was lying back in an arm-chair, for so weak was he, that he could not stand; his hair (already white), though very thin, and combed with care, fell upon his shoulders, and reached as far as his elbows. His face was very pale and swollen, and his look vacant. His eyes and lips trembled with emotion. We could see that he possessed the wish, though not the power, to speak. He motioned us with his head to draw near, that he might salute us. For a moment, his mind regained its reason, but so affected was he, that he could, with difficulty, use his almost paralysed tongue. Finding that we were going to Berezoza, where he had once resided, he wished us to take up our abode there, with his former hostess. All this conversation proceeded with considerable difficulty; we were almost obliged to guess his meaning. At length we perceived that he had exhausted the use of his faculties, for he informed us that we should find at Berezoza, melons, grapes, and other southern fruits, his imagination, no doubt, wandering to the borders of the Tagus and the Seine, which he had known so well. With sorrowful hearts, we shortened our visit, but he still sought to retain us by his gestures, vainly endeavouring to articulate the word, 'Stay'.

### MR. FERGUSON'S SLEIGH RIDE.

On the eighth of January, Mr. Ferguson, who is a patriot to the core, resolved to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans by a sleigh-ride. He accordingly bargained for a cheap team at one of the stables at the North End, and with a boon companion, who could also be patriotic on occasions, drove out to town.

The two gentlemen visited, and patronized extensively and indiscriminately the suburban taverns, drinking toasts and pronouncing eulogies upon the American troops, who distinguished themselves against the force under Pakenham on the memorable day which they were celebrating with so much gusto.

Here's to the memory of George Washington and General Jackson—the former was the father of his country—the latter his uncle," said Mr. Ferguson.

Here's to the Hunters of Kentucky," said Mr. Ferguson's Friend.

Here's to cotton for breast works; but we'll wash it down with good liquor when it gets in our throats!" exclaimed Mr. Ferguson.

Here's confusion to Gen'l Pakenham," said his friend.

And these were the standing toasts of the day, repeated at every tavern—subject however, to certain modifications, resulting from the condition in which they found themselves toward nightfall, in consequence of the degrees of intensity to which their patriotic feelings had arrived.

Mr. Ferguson's friend, who had in fact become the most patriotic of the two, at length found himself unable to deliver either of the above toasts correctly. Whenever he undertook to propose a sentiment, he found them all mixed together in his mind in delightful confusion, so that it was impossible to extricate any one of them from the cluster. He accordingly gave a great number of sentiments like the following, towards the close of the day, when the pair had become quite mellow with patriotism:

Here's to George Washington to the father of his country. May he soar aloft.

Here's to Gen'l Jackson—farrer of the barrel of New Orleans!

Here's to the hunters of (hic)—the bar of New Orleans!

Here's to the cotton of Kentucky for breast works—but we'll hunt it down with good liquor!

Here's to Gen'l Pak'n'am—the uncle of the bar of New Orleans!

Here's to Andrew Jackson—Pak'n'am of New Orleans!" &c.

At length Mr. Ferguson discovered that his companion was so much overcome by the 'invisible spirit of wine,' that he was liable to commit the most unpatriotic blunders. For instance when F. proposed three groans for Benedict Arnold and the Maine Liquor Law, he detected his friend in swinging his hat and cheering in gallant style, and, per contra, when he called for three cheers for the President of the U. States, he found his oblivious friend groaning most dismally.

At dusk these jolly individuals found themselves about five miles distant from the city, at a hotel where a ball was to come off on the same evening. Mr. Ferguson's heart being well warmed he resolved to drive home and bring his wife out to join the festivities. Leaving his companion at the hotel, he drove to town, and astonished Mrs. Ferguson by inviting her to don her best apparel and rejoin him to the ball room where they could become young again, for the moment and give a proper finale to the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. Mrs. F. looked at her husband and, to her surprise, he wore the appearance of sobriety, he having man-

aged to conceal his real condition, and the good woman felt sorely tempted to try the long neglected accomplishment by which she was once distinguished above her fellows, and by which she had ensnared the heart of her wayward husband when he was considered a 'nice young man.' She consented at length to go.—Her toilet was made hastily, but with a shadow of her former splendor, and she took her seat by the side of Mr. Ferguson in the sleigh.

As they rode back to the Hotel, Mr. Ferguson's faculties became more stupified than they had been, by reason of the cold perhaps, but the muffer which he wore around his face prevented the thickness of his speech from being discovered; and his poor wife indulged in the more pleasant anticipations of the evening's enjoyment. At last they reached their destination and Mr. Ferguson jumped out of the sleigh with great alacrity, intending to behave with prompt gallantry towards his partner; but unfortunately he found himself unable to control his limbs, and pitched incontinently into a snow drift, before his wife had alighted.

Mrs. Ferguson immediately discovered the state of affairs, as she was a muscular as well as a strong minded woman she leaped from the sleigh, seized her patriotic spouse and placed him in the vehicle, took the reins in her own hand, and drove back to her home with as much expedition as possible.

Mr. Ferguson is unable to this day to inform his most intimate acquaintances how he finished his celebration of the battle of New Orleans, or how his unlucky comrade of the day managed to get back to the city.—Boston Museum.

### THINGS OF IMPORTANCE.

Geographers tell us that the heights of the highest mountains in the world, are in proportion to their size, not more than the inequalities on the rind of an orange; and the affairs of life keep the mountains in countenance; the important things that fill the whole field of vision to-day with their imposing bulk dwindle down from the colossal to the merely mortal, when to-day becomes yesterday, and on the morrow they are absolutely invisible to the strictest investigations or scandal.

History is nothing but a museum for the fossil remains of things that were of import in their day and generation; but we can seldom realize the tranquil assurance it gives, that the most important things will petrify into matters of fact, only interesting as they in their turn are types of similar griefs or interests that will touch those who come after us to the end of time; for no emotion of either joy or sorrow is a private property; there is no monopoly in nature; we are all one family, though to be sure, we occasionally meet with those whom we do not feel any pride in claiming for relations.

King Solomon was wearied for want of some business to transact. He was a bystander in the game of life, for he had soon played himself out; and that accounts for the terrible sagacity with which he discerns the worthlessness of all that is done under the sun. Such a keen conviction of the intrinsic uselessness of all things is not healthy; it is a wisdom not intended for us.

Every man feels as if he were the sole person in the universe: the rest of the inhabitants have only a real existence in his own path; and he has merely an historical belief in the personality of the men and women who do not come near him; himself and his own sensations are the only points he realizes.

A man's sentiments for himself never fails.

One sometimes wonders the world does not get out of patience with the folly and stupidity daily transacted upon it; and so, no doubt, it would, (for the world is not altogether peopled by fools), but that every man is patient and long suffering towards his own share of folly. Nature is very good to all her children, for as half the hardships of the world are imaginary, she fences men round with an armour of hopes and delusions to soften the pain. It behooves, then, every man to deal gently by the harmless vanities of his neighbor, seeing that he, also is encompassed about with the same. There is nothing so far as we can perceive, amongst the affairs of men, of sufficient importance to be of any intrinsic moment to the well being of the universe. Let the world lay that to heart and grow modest! On other hand, nothing can be considered a trifle that brings either joy or sorrow to the meanest individual; therefore, it would be well, if each one of us, instead of thinking great things of ourselves, would be more tolerant and kindly affectioned to each other.

LET AM LAUGH.—A Southern paper tells about a talking match that lately came off at New Orleans for five dollars a side. It continued for thirteen hours, the rivals being a Frenchman and a Kentuckian. The bystanders and judges were talked to sleep, and when they waked up in the morning, found the Frenchman dead, and the Kentuckian whispering in his ear.

An Irishman trying to put out a gas-light with his fingers, cried out, "Och murder, the devil a wick's in it!"

### THE PUBLIC LANDS.

The various schemes now before Congress to appropriate the public domain evinces the growing passion of the West, to make a distribution of that domain, for one purpose or another. Some of the schemes have their origin in political ambition—the Homestead plan is to elevate its promoters by showing an excess of love for the people.—The system of distribution for local internal improvements is more connected, perhaps, than any other, with the desire for personal aggrandizement—its patrons looking to the enhancement in value of Western lands in which they have either present or prospective interest. All these schemes originated in Western representatives. It is nothing less than a stupendous scheme of spoliation to be effected by the potency of a numerical majority. The West wants the lands and will have them. The effect will be to drain off the population and capital of the Eastern sections of the Union. Our people diffuse themselves over the immense spaces to which they are invited by the cheapness of the public lands, with already too great rapidity.—To give additional stimulus to the spirit of emigration from the old to the new States, by a distribution, in the modes proposed, is to work a double injury to the former: 1, as depriving them of their fair share of those lands, and 2, comparatively lowering the value of landed property on the Atlantic seaboard.

But complaints and regrets are unavailing. Every new session of Congress, witnesses a renewed scramble for the public domain. Those who wish to rise to political power on the shoulders of the Western people, and those who are land speculators on a great scale, will not be restrained by considerations of equity, or constitutional scruples. Each election brings into Congress a larger number of socialistic promoters of schemes to divide the public lands among individuals who have no just claims to it, or among States who are entitled only to a distributive share.

Since the West is determined to have these lands, and possess the power by the votes it can command, it were better to make a surrender at once, and let the public business go on, without harassing Congress at every session with these claims.—The time consumed in discussing the conflicting pretensions of this party or the other, who vexed the public with their interminable speeches on the subject, would then be devoted to the public business. It is of no practical use for members from the Atlantic States to resist these pretensions. They may have the best of the argument, but logic and the constitution will not weigh a feather against a predetermined resolution, selfishly to appropriate the public domain.

Evening News.

MR. SLOW DISCOURTESY OF GRAVE TOLLS.—"Bimelech, my son," said Mr. Slow, shaking "It isn't well to know too much, my boy; your father never did—he know'd too much for that. Thoughts is perplexin'; and the human mind, Bimelech, is too precious a thing to be wore out with too much friction. Don't abuse the gifts of nature, my son, 'cause nature's one of 'em, she is. Don't investigate any new thing, my boy, 'cause there's a thousand old things of more consequence to look arter—the first of which is number one. New notions perplexes the mind, dear—there's full enough fools in the world who like to look arter such things, without your troublein' your precious head about 'em—'twouldn't be a cent of benefit to you. Call 'em all humbug and moonshine, and them as believes 'em lunatics and scoundrels, and that'll save you a good many discussions, and give you a character for dignity and prudence, and prudent folks make money. Philosophy and serious and them things is humbugs, and everything is humbug but money. Mind I tell ye." Mr. Slow ceased, overcome by his eloquence.

MARK OF ILL-BREEDING.—There is no better test of ill-breeding than the practice of interrupting another in conversation by speaking, or commencing a remark before another has fully closed. No well bred person ever does it, nor continues conversation long with one who does. The latter often finds an interesting conversation abruptly waived, closed, or declined by the former, without suspecting the cause. A well bred person will not even interrupt one who is in all respects greatly inferior. If you wish to judge the good-breeding of a person with whom you are but little acquainted observe him or her in this respect, and you will not be deceived. However intelligent, fluent, or easy she may appear, this grace proves the absence of true politeness. It is often amusing to see persons priding themselves on the gentility of their manners, and putting forth all their efforts to appear to advantage in many other respects, so readily betray all in this particular.

"My daughter, why do you look at the moon so much?" inquired a mother of her daughter—a young lady just entering her sixteenth year.

"Why, ma, they say there is a man in it," was the innocent reply.







**DR. STRINGFELLOW**  
will be found hereafter during the day at his office in Major Foxen's new building.

is once in major cases now calling  
Reedy's Drug Store, and during the  
Kennedy's Hotel), unless professionally  
attention will be given to all calls.

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**MENTAL OPERATIONS.**  
**Dr. J. T. WALKER.**

WOULD inform the citizens of Chester and surrounding Districts, that he will be found at McAfee's on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays,

He finds it impracticable to ride through  
country; and operations can be better per-  
formed at his rooms.

DR. J. S. PRIDE,  
HAVING permanently located in the  
City of Charleston, South Carolina.

23 25 tf

E. ELLIOTT.

SKY LIGHT  
GUERREIAN ROOMS.

ures put in neat Cases, Frames, Breast  
ngs & Lockets, at prices to suit all classes  
MS ON MAIN STREET,

posite "Kennedy's Tin Factory."  
16 16-1f

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**JACKSON & MELTON.**

B. Jackson.....C. Davis Melton.)  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
L PRACTICE IN THE COURTS  
f LAW, for the District of YORK.

OFFICE, one door North of Goore's Hotel  
ville, Nov. 23 51---tf

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**FEEDER & DE SAUSSURE,**  
... & ...

**Age & Commission Business**  
**ADGER'S WHARF,**  
**CHARLESTON, S. C.**  
**REEDER. JOHN B. DE SAUSSE**

and to Selling of Cotton, Rice, and other  
Produce.  
is filled, and goods selected with care  
tion.

11 6-2m

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F. E. Fraser,  
Sr. Commission Merchant

AND FORWARDING AGENT,  
Wharf, Charleston, South Carolina

**M. ALLSTON GOURDIN.**  
**Factor,**  
6 East Bay, Charleston, S. C.,

ttton, Corn, Sugar, Flour, Grain, Hay, &c



## Farmer's Department.

## DEWEED YOUR PARSNIPS.

**DEWEED YOUR PARSNIPS.**  
 Many farmers are always appearing to me, saying that the planters of the South are neglecting the cultivation of large crops of parsnips. The amount of money received for their crops. That the lands are being deteriorated, and that the soil is being exhausted. I think it is a pity that the planters do not plant less cotton, and more of every thing else, in the only way, but will the planters do it? It is so obviously their interest, and that they are intelligent, I think a doubt cannot remain on the subject. The only difficulty it seems to me is to obtain concert of action. The large space over which cotton is planted renders it difficult to get the planters together to consult on what is best for them to do; but at the next meeting of the Cotton Convention, a system of sub-committees, or sub-committees, in every county in the Cotton States, might be adopted, that would effectually accomplish the purpose. If half or two-thirds of the present breadth of land was put in Cotton, the crop would yield more money than the whole breadth. Then the remaining land might be profitably cultivated in sweet potatoes, turnips, and in small grain, with an additional quantity of corn. What additional quantities of hogs, sheep, cattle and mules might be raised, and the lands enriched more and more every year. If this system was adopted, the South would become "the most fertile, the richest, the most abundant, the happiest and most independent country in the world." Add to all this, every county might have a Cotton Factory to spin yarn, and export them to the north of Europe. The spinners in Lancashire county, in England, are wealthy, and subjected to fewer vicissitudes, than any of the other cotton manufacturers in the country. I say then to my fellow planters, begin to manufacture, even with one hundred spindles, begin. I say again begin—you can find them in abundance as cheap as you want them, and all the materials and appliances in the greatest abundance. I say again begin, say, I beseech you to begin.

To succeed in a few particulars: suppose a planter has a cotton crop, and plant one hundred acres of the red top turnip, rye, oats and wheat, in such quantities as he may deem sufficient. Suppose he puts one hundred sheep in the fall on his turnips, dividing off the field in small spaces at a time, allow the sheep to feed, trample and enrich the field during the whole winter at proper intervals, would not that feed produce nearly double the quantity of cotton or corn the next year that it would do without this preparation? And the field of wheat potatoes treated in the same way with one hundred hogs, would not produce a great improvement? And then the rye for your Devon Cows! what yellow butter, what abundance and improvement would follow, and still have more money for your cotton, than you can possibly obtain at present.

Dear Mr. my fellow planters, for I tell you the truth—I wish this might be published in every paper of the South, and the cry enter every ear.

RUSTICUS.

## From the Soil of the South.

## APRIL WORK—PLANTING COTTON.

If your arrangements are all well made, and you are sure that you have Corn enough planted, the business of planting Cotton, in all places not further north than this, may now proceed; but if not fully prepared, a few days in the first of the month may be better employed in perfecting the arrangements, than hastening to plant without being fully ready. There are a great many modes of planting Cotton, slightly varied, and having no little claims to preference as scarcely to need notice. The preparations are now so universally by bedding, that we shall make our directions to conform to that plan. If the top of the bed is rough from turp or clods, it may be greatly improved by running a narrow-toothed iron harrow over it before commencing to plant. The furrows for receiving the seed should be made upon the centre of the bed, and run very straight with some narrow plow. If the bed has been long made, or the soil is close and tenacious, we think it would be well that the plow for opening should have a long point, loosening and pulverizing the earth below the seed. It adds much to the beauty of the drill, and to the convenience of the work, to have a narrow strip of wood fastened upon the stock in such a way as to follow just behind the plow in the furrow, making a sort of groove, of uniform width and depth in which the seed are to be dropped carefully. The Cotton thus planted is of uniform depth in covering, and the drill will be straight and narrow, and the quantity of seed necessary to plant the crop, may be greatly lessened. After this has been done, let the seed be strewn all along this furrow, very thin, but uniformly scattered—taking care to drop them in the opened row. These may then be covered to your liking, and to suit the circumstances of the case. We have known some very nice farmers to use the hand rake for covering; This plan has the merit of being slow and sure, and we apprehend in our day, when speed is a primary consideration, the insurance would be considered as coming too much to suit many. This is a very neat operation—leaving the seed well covered, and the top of the bed well dressed and prepared for the first working. Another plan is to run a narrow-toothed harrow over the bed for the purpose of covering the seed and breaking the clods, or removing

turf. This, when well done, leaves the top of the bed also in very nice condition. We notice but one more, and that the most common, and perhaps most generally acceptable to our wholesale, go-ahead notions. That is the plan of covering with a board. This board is prepared of a piece of some hard wood, about eight inches wide, and an inch or an inch and a half thick, and about thirty inches long; bevel or slope the lower edge until it is sharp; make a slight wide notch or curve in the centre, bore a hole in the upper edge, of the size to suit the heel rod, and with that screw it cross-wise on the common scooter or shovel stock, and the work is complete. This is run over the bed, keeping the notch over the centre, which slightly elevates the earth on top of the seed, so that rain water shall not settle on the drill and bake the earth. In well prepared land, this is a very nice and expeditious operation—scrapping every thing from the top of the bed, for fifteen inches on each side of the drill, and leaving it in fine condition for early working. The long board is very important to dress off the top of the bed, removing all clods, and every animal it sometimes spreads to the whole herd, occasioning great loss, inconvenience and trouble to the owner, and much suffering to the poor animals themselves. The disease is undoubtedly occasioned by the animals travelling through the mud, urine, and manure of the yard; this collects between the claws and gathers about the foot and leg until this obnoxious and sometimes fatal disease is generated, and it is legitimately in the farmer's work for March to prevent it. Its first appearance is generally between the claws in the form of a crack, this is formed by inflammation and the discharge of a yellowish matter or pus. "Sometimes a little swelling appears on the coronet between the hair and hoof, which discharges offensive matter." Foul in the hoof is a most serious disease, and demands immediate attention when the first symptoms are discovered. Attacked in March, oxen are sometimes rendered unfit for any spring work, and cows shrink rapidly in milk and flesh. If not checked early the foot becomes greatly swollen, intensely sore, and the hoof in bad cases drops off. It may all be prevented by care and cleanliness.

## From the Soil of the South.

## THE EARLY CULTURE OF CORN.

As soon as the planting of Cotton is closed, a very thorough working of the Corn should be given with the plow and hoe. The fate of the Corn depends, to a very large extent, upon the manner in which it is planted. It is done, at this time, which will tell us of the growing season, and go far in fixing the final result. Other crops may be recovered from injudicious management and neglect, but the Corn crop rarely does. It requires an early start, and to be pushed rapidly to maturity. The young fibrous roots shoot out early in quest of supplies, and need a soft, well pulverized soil, easy of penetration. These aids need to be provided by good preparations before planting, and to be perfected at this time. Hence the importance of early and good work with the plow and hoe, to meet these wants, to start the young plant to a rapid and vigorous growth. We advise the use of some narrow and long plow, to be run by the side of the corn, which may be run close, and break the earth deep about the roots. Where the land is close, or the under stratum hard, a coultter with a wide spread point would do fine service—running very close, without throwing much earth upon the corn, which is yet small, and breaking deep below the roots. This would soften and pulverize all the earth near the plant, into which the young roots might easily enter and spread. A long scooter may be made to answer this purpose very well, and is more expeditious, and therefore more generally preferred for this work. With some precaution to prevent the falling of earth upon the young Corn, in ordinary lands, good work may be done with this plow. The object to be attained is a very close and deep plowing, and we leave you to your own selection of the best instrument for its accomplishment. The middles of the row ought to be thoroughly plowed, also, at this time. The roots of the Corn may not yet be reaching out so far, but they will probably be doing so before you pass this way again, and if they should not, it is now the best time for breaking deep, and putting all in good order for their future demands. The earth is also put in better condition by these early plowings for imbibing moisture, and the gases from the atmosphere, and for the impartation of healthful supplies of food, when the demand is made. The hoes follow the plows at this time, loosening the earth immediately round the stalk, thinning to a stand—removing all grass or weeds—leaving all perfectly clean, and the hill neatly dressed off, with a small portion of soft earth added about the root. It is a very easy matter to be deceived about the faithfulness of which this work is done. Small grass is often slightly covered, and when too late to remedy the neglect, it comes forth with renewed energy. It is this first crop of grass which does the mischief, and so obstinately stands out against all the assaults in after culture. The well cleaned crop now, may be easily kept so through the whole season, with comparatively little aid from the hoe. See to it, then, that this important work is well done. The Corn is now to be thinned to a stand, by taking out all stalks except those which are to make the crop. Here, too, unfaithfulness often gives us much after trouble, and the corn suffers loss. If the young plant is not taken up, root and all, it will come again. It often pulls up just above the root, and the unpracticed cultivator may conclude all is well. Not so, however. It will spring up again, and soon be found growing as vigorously as ever.

## FARM STOCK.

It is very important that all kinds of farm stock should have a little extra attention at this season of the year.

Horses and oxen should be well fed and put in good condition for the spring work; and great care should be taken not to overwork them for a week or two at first. Give them two or three half days rest the first week if possible; they will more than make it up in the season.

Milk cows should have in addition to good hay two quarts of corn meal each day. This will be better if scalded or steamed and mixed

with chaff or cut food of some kind. The farmer who feeds his dairy into good condition now, will be deriving profit from the whole summer season not only in the quantity, but in the quality of the produce.

**Sheep.**—Brood Ewes should be fed well and regularly. The stable should be kept clean and well ventilated, spread a little slacked lime over the floor once or twice a week; if you have not lime convenient, plaster will do. If you wish to be delighted with the skipping playfulness of the lambs, you must give their mothers a little extra food, never mind the expense of corn, the butcher will pay you for it.

**Poultry.**—Feed your hens well and they will start opposition lines with great competition, and lay eggs at low prices; then will be the time to set for hatching. Set two or three hens at the same time and when they hatch, put all the chicks to one of them and let the others go laying. Early chickens are the most profitable for market, and early pullets will be the best layers next winter.

**FOUL IN THE HOOF.**—Attacking a single animal it sometimes spreads to the whole herd, occasioning great loss, inconvenience and trouble to the owner, and much suffering to the poor animals themselves. The disease is undoubtedly occasioned by the animals travelling through the mud, urine, and manure of the yard; this collects between the claws and gathers about the foot and leg until this obnoxious and sometimes fatal disease is generated, and it is legitimately in the farmer's work for March to prevent it. Its first appearance is generally between the claws in the form of a crack, this is formed by inflammation and the discharge of a yellowish matter or pus. "Sometimes a little swelling appears on the coronet between the hair and hoof, which discharges offensive matter." Foul in the hoof is a most serious disease, and demands immediate attention when the first symptoms are discovered. Attacked in March, oxen are sometimes rendered unfit for any spring work, and cows shrink rapidly in milk and flesh. If not checked early the foot becomes greatly swollen, intensely sore, and the hoof in bad cases drops off. It may all be prevented by care and cleanliness.

**ERRORS IN COMPOSTING FARM MANURES.**—The farmer's manure heap is usually the receptacle for every substance that has served its original purpose; but it is a mistaken idea that everything thrown in there will serve a useful purpose. We may, however, just here, that this error has considerably influenced farm practice. Belief in the alchemy, rather than the chemistry of the farmyard, has led some persons to cart soil into the manure yard, and carry it back again with the dung to the very field from which it was taken; adding materially to the bulk and expense of the manuring. They presumed that they added to its value, but the effect of the earth upon the farmyard manure could be merely to retard decomposition, and thus might be a loss or a gain, according to the circumstances of the soil and the crop.

Animal substances, of all and of every description, are also very unprofitably applied to farmyard manure. The natural tendency of animal substances to enter into putrefactive fermentation is well known to be greater than that of vegetable substances. By placing them in the manure heap, we, in a further degree, facilitate the quality in which they naturally excel, and the tendency of which is to rob them of their most valuable element, nitrogen. Judicious practice should avoid this error, by adopting, if possible, a system having an opposite effect.

Lime is one of the substances which it is also an error to use with composts in which we have farmyard manure. It is equally an error to mix lime with any compound rich in ammonia. The tendency of lime, in all composts, is to promote decomposition and to waste nitrogen, which escapes, by union with hydrogen, under the form of ammonia, which is the very treasure of the dung heap, and of most other manuring substance.—*Norfolk's Practical Agriculture.*

**IMPROVEMENT.**—There is, perhaps, not an individual class of persons in existence, in which as many people could be found so ready to improve as the Farmer. The old way of plowing and reaping suits him so well that it has become stereotyped, and he thinks it the only right way to manage a farm. Talk to him of acquiring himself with the nature of the soil he occupies, and ascertaining what elements abound in it the most freely, and from that to judge what crops it is best calculated to produce, and perchance, he will tell you it is all moonshine, or diluted starlight, and thus content himself, that "whatever is, is right," and thus continues to plod on his dull way, groping in the dark; perhaps envious of his neighbor, who manages to raise more from fifty acres, than he can from one hundred, simply by having the views and experience of others as his guide, combined with a thorough and systematic course of labor.

Speak to him of taking an Agricultural paper, and before your story is half told, he will tell you it's another way to pick up the people's money, devised by some one too lazy to work his way through life.

But, I am happy that the veil is being removed, and good Agricultural papers are springing up in every section, and finding their way to the notice of farmers, hitherto unreach. Truly, a good practical Agricultural paper is a treasure, a beacon light for all to follow.—*Northern Farmer.*

Do not waste your soap suds. Have a cask or barrel to save them in, and empty them around your grape vines.

## Horticultural Department.

## From the Working Farmer.

## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

If you wish to know in passing through the country, which of the homes are the most cheerful, look at the door-yard. There is an index of the taste, habits, and neatness of the occupants. The poorest man will have some little plants of flowery beauty in his door-yard, if he be industrious or have a neat domestic wife; there will be, despite of poverty, some of Nature's luxuries—some Four O'clock's will there be lifting their bright faces to the sun, as if to proclaim in their many colors the many joys their presence has diffused to the hearts of the inmates; the yellow Margold, Pansies or China Aster, even the weed, which bears a pretty flower, will there be seen. Children learn to love Nature through flowers, and first learn to read the love of Him who made them; as written on their fragrant leaves. Let not a nook or corner where a child may roam, be without flowers; let not a cottage door-yard, exposed to the gaze of the young, be barren of these little monitors. There is a language of love in the growth and habits of their petals; let the young know its influence—let the aged see through them the joys of life, and each little flower bring back some reminiscence of the past!

Who does not relish the smell of fresh upturned earth? Who, that has known the pleasure, does not watch with interest the germinating seed or unfolding blossom? And who ever regretted their labor among flowers? Who ever felt unhappy in sending a budding bouquet to a sick or absent friend? None—surely none. In the cottage's yard or prince's garden, if we see no flowers, we may look in vain for flowers of the heart in the occupants of the dwelling; there is something beside the means wanting. Love Nature, you will love her originator, and be happier for the love.

Then too by flowers does the infant mind first learn to meditate and wonder;—by them is a spirit of inquiry by observation nurtured, and in their capsules do the flowers hold the seeds of wisdom and knowledge. Thus in childhood are they sown, and in manhood developed in the full blown fruit blossoms of scientific investigation. Study, which has been induced and fostered with pleasure for a reward, is not apt to tire or vex the mind, and thus will the adult pursue with interest and inquiry, an employment which has Nature for a patron and instructor.

**THE SUN-FLOWER.**—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* has some remarks on the culture and use of the Sunflower, which may be worthy the attention of the agriculturist. He says:

"I have raised and tested it, and think no farmer who has much land should be without it for feeding various animals, and the oil it produces. It has yielded with me, from 90 to 100 bushels per acre, matured the same as for corn. I plant in drills, between three and four feet apart, and scatter the seed about six inches distant in the rows—using from four to five quarts per acre. "When ripe, as the large heads begin to shell out, I cut it up, and leave it scattered in rows to dry, and when thoroughly cured, draw it into my barn, handling carefully and placing on an airy scaffold. When wanted, the seed will nearly all shell out by throwing down, and needs but little pounding. Clean in a common fanning mill.

"One hundred pounds of the seed yield forty pounds of oil; one bushel will make a gallon of oil. I had part of my seed made into oil at a common oil mill, and used it for burning in lamps, and tested it well for painting. Our house has been painted a long time; and it wears fully equal to those were linseed is used, and the walls are left more glossy as though a little varnish had been applied.

"The oil cake is nearly equal to any other—and there is nothing better to feed hogs in winter than sunflower seed; they did not know what it was at first, but by mixing it with oats, they gradually grew fond of it, and produced eggs more abundantly than usual on other food. The seed is well known to be good for horses, and is well worth 50 cents a bushel to the farmer. I hope they will test this matter for themselves, and assure they will find it profitable to raise their own oil, &c., as I have done."

**PLANTING FRUIT TREES FOR OTHERS.**—The Spaniards have a maxim, that a man is ungrateful to the past generation that planted the trees from which he eats fruit, and deals unjustly towards the next generation, unless he plants the seed, that it may furnish food for those who come after him. Thus, when a son of Spain eats a peach or pear by the road side, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently, all over Spain, by the road sides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is ever free.

Let this practice be imitated in our country, and the weary wanderer will be blest, and will bless the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good or better than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who backs under the shadow, and eats the fruit of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to coming generations.—*Home Circle.*

A western man says that on hearing Yankee Doodle performed on an organ in the Crystal Palace, he felt the Declaration of Independence, and a couple of Bunker Hills rising up in his bosom.

## LEWISVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.

[10 MILES EAST OF CHESTERVILLE.]

Mrs. A. S. WYLLIE, Principal; assisted by Mrs. Lewis, of Columbia Institute, Tenn., and by Miss KELLGROVE, of Castleton Seminary, Vt.

Rev. L. McDONALD, Visitor.

THE scholastic year will be divided into two sessions of five months each: the first commencing on the 1st of January, and the second on the 23d July.

Resident boarders will be attended in sickness free of charge.

For a Circular containing full particulars, address Mrs. WYLLIE, Lewisville, P. O. Chester District, S. C.

References.—His Excellency, Gov. MEANS, Buckhead; Ex-Gov. RICHARDSON, Sumter; Gen. J. W. CAMET and SAM'L. SPENCE, Esq., Cumdee; Jas. H. WITHERSPOON, M. CLINTON, and S. B. EVANS, Esqrs., Lancaster.

Jan. 14. 2-1f

## Fruits, Confectionaries, Groceries, &amp;c.

**AT WALKER'S ESTABLISHMENT,** (two doors south of Henry & Herndon's) may be found a general assortment of

**CANDIES, FRUITS,**

Syrups (assorted); Pickles; Segars of choice brands; Tobacco; Candles, (adamantine and tallow.)

**Rice; Sugar; Coffee; Molasses, (N.O.)**

**Macarrel,**

No. 1 and 2, half-kits; and all varieties of

**CHILDREN'S TOYS.**

Together with a number of other articles usually found in such an establishment. All of which he will sell low for cash.

**WILLIAM WALKER.**

July 9. 28-1f

## South Carolina—Chester District.

**IN EQUITY.**

D. G. Stinson, Adm'r., et al. } Bill to Marshall assets, &c.

vs. Jacob W. Stinson, et al.

**BY** order of the Court of Equity in this case, the creditors of William M. Stinson, dec'd, are hereby notified to present and establish their claims before the Commissioner of said District, on or before the 10th day of March next; after which day they will be barred.

**JAMES HEMPHILL, C. E. C. D.**

Dec. 3. 49-3-0.

## South Carolina—Chester District.

**IN EQUITY.**

James Heath, } Petition to have funds paid over.

vs. John G. Bishop, et al.

**BY** order of the Court of Equity in this case, the creditors of John G. Bishop, are hereby notified to present and establish their claims on or before the 10th day of March next, on or before the first day of June next.

**JAMES HEMPHILL, C. E. C. D.**

Jan. 7. 1-3m

## South Carolina—Chester District.

**IN EQUITY.**

Thomas Spencer & Nancy, his Wife } Bill for Partition and Account.

vs. Stephen Keenan, et al.

**IT** appearing to the satisfaction of the Commissioner, that Mitchell Keenan, George Rainey and Mary Rainey, the wife of the said Mitchell Keenan, are hereby notified to present and establish their claims on or before the 10th day of March next, on or before the first day of June next.

**JAMES HEMPHILL, C. E. C. D.**

Jan. 7. 1-3m

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**JAMES HEMPHILL, C. E. C. D.**

Jan. 7. 1-3m

## PLANTERS' &amp; MECHANICS' HOTEL.

THE undersigned having taken charge of the House recently occupied by Wm. M. McDONALD, and which was for many years known as a Public House, is now fully prepared to accommodate

TRAVELERS AND BOARDERS,

in the best style the market will warrant, and on the most reasonable terms. His house is in the business part of the town, is large and commodious, and supplied with experienced and attentive servants.

His Stables are well arranged and under the care of experienced Hostlers.

and with every thing necessary for their stock, on reasonable terms.

**DROVERS**

can be accommodated with convenient lots, and with every thing necessary for their stock, on reasonable terms.

**HENRY LETSON.**

Jan. 7. 1-1f

## Livery and Sale Stable.

**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**

WE respectfully inform the citizens of Charlotte and the travelling public, that we have opened a